Tom and Rogers Contract:
Or what Devon-Farmers use to act.

Two Farmers lately met in Devon-shire,   And since it was within the Month of May,
And so by chance they drank a pot of Beer; I will declare to you what they did say.
<center>Tune of, Hey boys up go we.   By Tobias Bowne.</center>

As Tom met Roger upon the Road
  said he how dost thou do ?
I am pretty well, and walking abroad,
  I hope the same by you.
Pray have you took your mornings drink,
  if not come go with me,
Here is good Ale just by I think,
  come let us go and see.

Come, come Roger let us go,
  we'l drink one pot or two,
I, said tom, i'd have it so,
  i've something to say to you;
But first we'l drink a Flaggon of Beer,
  and thou shalt know my mind;
My son shall have thy daughter dear,
  and then we two'l be kind.

Said Roger, what will you give your son,
  and he shall have my daughter ?
I have two pots, he shall have one,
  beside what may come after ;
He shall have to't a thumping Ladle
  that is both fresh and new,
And more, he shall have our old Cradle,
  I think my Wife hath a Doe.

Beside my Son can hold the Plough,
  and other things I can name ;
He's able to go and milk the Cow,
  and if his Wife be lame :
I think they two may live as brave
  as did their Mother or Father;
Come tell me what your daughter shall have,
  we'l marry them up together.

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Why then said Roger my daughter shall have
  a portion as good as thy son,
I never yet was counted a Knave
  but always an honest man :
I have a good old Kettle at home
  my Grandam did give to me ;
A white-pot bag, and a two penny broom,
  my Daughter shall have them all three.

Besides i'le give her a lumping Calf,
  that came of our brown Cow,
That's more than thou gib'st thy son by half,
  old tom, I speak it to thou :
My daughter is so well brought up,
  she can both spin and sow,
She hath of her own a drinking Cup ;
  that's more than thou dost know.

When shall we marry them together
  old Roger, then said tom ?
I'le tell my son that thou art his Father,
  as soon as I come home.
And that thy daughter must be his wife,
  and he must have no other ;
Next time they meet i'le lay my life,
  they'l jumble it up together.

When young tom met with his sweetheart,
  old Rogers daughter Joan ;
Said he, we'l drink before we part,
  and with thee i'le go home ;
We'l take a doune thy fathers dish,
  and box about the whey,
So there we will both hug and kiss,
  we care not what folk say.

Then tom he took Joan by the hand,
  as lovers use to do ;
Said he, sweetheart come pin my band,
  for 't doth belong to you.
Sweetheart i'le do it if I can,
  for I do love thee dear ;
Methinks you be the handsomest man
  that is in Devon-shire.

But if you had but seen them both
  when they tript o'r the Green,
A pretty couple of one growth,
  and both did look a squeen.
I stood and looked them upon
  till they were out of sight ;
If you had seen how their Buttocks had gone
  'twould a made you laugh Outright.